THE LILY.

A LADIES' JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE AND LITERATURE.

Published Monthly.---TERMS---Fifty Cents a Year, in Advance.

VOL. 2. SENECA FALLS, MARCH , 1850. NO. 3.

WELCOME TO THE LILY.

God bless thee, fair Lily, so bright and so blooming;
Thou comest, like healing and balm on the gale,
The mist to dispel, where in darkness and gloaming,
The pestilent fumes of the gin-shop prevail.

Thy service is needed, where man in his blindness,
In moments of trial, has yielded him up
To the siren deceiver; who with counterfeit kindness,
Would drown all his ills in the treacherous cup.

Come on then fair Lily, and cry "to the onset,"
Thy banner is waving, thy armour is bright;
No quarter to give, till the rumseller's sunset
Proclaims thee victorious, and sinks into night.

Must the youth of our land be exposed to temptation,
By th' alluring example of those who should save;
Till the habit is formed for the noxious potation,
Which will sink them e'er long to the inebriate's grave?

Shall man tho' so noble and Godlike in nature,
Whose sway and dominion there's none to dispute;
Shall he, of creation the highest in stature,
Be sunk to the level assigned to the brute?

Oh! no, let the Lily be bold and out-spoken,
With other choice spirits to answer the call;
And soon shall the chains of the tyrant be broken,
And man be redeemed from his ruinous thrall.

C. D.

THE TWO VOICES; OR THE SHADOW AND THE SHADOWLESS.

In a certain small village, there lived a very poor man, a basket maker, named Hans. He lived quite alone in a mean little hut, which was his only inheritance. He had no wife or children to comfort him for he was too poor to marry, and he had for many years supported his infirm and bed-ridden mother. She was now dead, and though Hans was no longer obliged to toil for her support, yet he missed her very much, and felt miserably lonely, working day after day, without a soul to speak to, unless by chance a straggling villager should stop at the door, to exchange a word with him. But his mother had taught him to be industrious and contented, so he worked steadily on, though he scarcely earned enough to keep the wolf from the door.

Hans might have grown old and gray in the midst of his humble labors, without indulging any vain longings for a better condition, if he had not had the misfortune to see the miller's pretty daughter, who smiled kindly on him, and so set him to thinking how happy he should be if he but had her bright eyes and pleasant voice to cheer his lonely home. But Hans knew full well that he could hardly support himself, and what then could he do with a wife? So he was obliged to see the miller's daughter walk to church with rich farmer Trenck, while he had to keep in-doors on account of his ragged coat. This state of things made poor Hans very unhappy.

"I am as comely as young farmer Trenck," said he to himself, "and if I only had money, there is no telling what might happen." Then he fell to thinking how he should obtain the gold he so much coveted; and these thoughts kept him awake at night when he should have been sleeping, and made him sit idly twisting the rushes through the day, when he ought to have been working.

It so happened one day, when Hans went out to cut some rushes for his baskets, that as he stooped down, with his knife in his hand, he saw a leathern wallet lying among the reeds. He dropped his knife and seized the wallet. It was very heavy, and as he turned it over in his hand, a bright gold piece rolled out upon his palm.—Hans felt as if his heart had stopped beating. He rubbed his eyes to be sure he was not dreaming, and then looked round to see that no one was near. But nobody was in sight; and Hans, sitting down on a green bank, counted out the bright gold pieces, one by one, and then dropped them again into the leathern bag, thinking all the time that the chink of the precious metal was the sweetest music he had ever heard.

There were ninety-one gold pieces in the wallet, and as Hans, after satisfying himself twenty times by counting them over and over, finally tied the string tightly about the bag, he heard a delicate little voice close to his ear, say:

"What are you going to do with the money, Hans?"

Poor Hans started up in affright, for he thought that some one had been watching him all the time. He looked all around, but could see nothing, when again the voice repeated:

"What are you going to do with the money, Hans? It is not yours."

Again Hans looked about him, and now saw, seated on his right shoulder, a small but beautiful creature, with silver wings, and bearing a star on its forehead, which cast a bright radiance all around. Before he could recover from his surprise, so as to reply to the question the tiny figure had twice asked, another voice, very unlike the first, and sounding as if it came through a brazen tube, answered for him:

"Hans will keep the money, to be sure; he found it, and it is his."

"He has no right to keep what belongs to another," answered the silver voice.

"How does he know the real owner?" said the brazen voice; "whoever dropped it considers it lost. Hans is a poor man, and this is a piece of good luck, which he ought not to throw away."

While this dialogue was going on, Hans looking towards his left shoulder, beheld a small dark form, enveloped in a sort of dazzling haze, that prevented him from seeing its outline with distinctness. This was not a silvery light, such as eminated from the spirit of the silver voice, but a sort of lurid glare, like the reflection from molten copper. Yet there was something strangely fascinating in its brightness, that tempted one to look again. Hans at last mustered courage to speak.

"Who are ye both, that thus dispute about my affairs?" he asked.

"I am the voice of the Shadowless; whoso followeth my advice shall never commit sin or know despair," answered the voice of the star-crowned figure on his right shoulder.

"And men call me the voice of the Shadow," replied the brazen tone, with a harsh laugh; "whoso followeth me, shall have riches in plenty, and a life of joy."

Hans cast down his eyes in thought, and there on the greensward rested the shadow of the brazen one, a dark, unshapely thing, portraying his true form, divested of the dazzling glare that surrounded it, and twice the size of the figure itself. Hans started and trembled. There was no shadow near the figure on his right, but a soft light, like reflected moonbeams, lay shimmering on the grass, the reflection of her silver wings.

"Pooh, pooh man, never be afraid of a shadow," said the brazen tone, jeeringly; "that is the best proof you can have that I am a real, tangible being, and ready to serve you. The words of the Shadowless are all very well for ordinary occasions, but at a time like this, listen to me."

"What shall I do with the wallet?" asked Hans; "I don't want to keep it, if it is dishonest. I could not bear to be a thief."

"Never call yourself hard names," answered the brazen tone. "The acts of finding and stealing are two very different things. The facts are these: Somebody loses a purse; you are fortunate enough t find it; therefore it is your own of course, to do with as you like."

"Not so," interrupted the Shadowless. "The money must have a proper owner; it is the duty of Hans to discover him, if possible, and restore it to him; that is what he will do as an honest man."

Hans winced at these words; and the Shadow, seeming to perceive that he had gone too far, replied:

"Well, there is, at least, no harm in Hans taking the wallet home with him, and thinking it over awhile; it will be much safer in his chest than lying out here in the reeds."

This suggestion pleased Hans; but the Shadowless spoke:

"Do not listen to the tempter, Hans, but take the money at once to the justice, and tell him all about it. If once within your grasp you know not to what you may be tempted—perhaps even to steal."

Hans was offended at this implied doubt of his strength: so he said angrily, "Do you think me a child, that I cannot be trusted? I choose to take the wallet home with me, and I will."

"Hans! Hans!" murmured the silver voice, imploringly, "drive me not from you by wilful obstinacy; know me as your true friend, and trust me, all will be well at the last."

A pang went through the heart of Hans at these words; and he was just about yielding, when the Shadow interposed:

"How childish you are," he said. "What! afraid to trust yourself one night with a little bag of gold? I thought you were more of a man.—Suppose you had not found the wallet to-day, it would have lain among the reeds all night. Is it not, in reality, much safer with you? You can carry it to the justice to-morrow."

These specious words decided Hans, and the soft imploring voice of the Shadowless was no longer heeded. He arose and went towards his home, attended by the voice of the Shadow, who kept sounding in his ear the praises of his manliness and strength.

Hans observed that the shadow on the greensward was larger than before, and he thought it obscured the sunlight; but the voice of flattery sounded sweet in his ear, and the lurid light hovering on his shoulder dazzled him; and so he went on, not heeding that the shimmering light had gone from his pathway, and the star-crowned form sat drooping, dimmed and silent.

When Hans arrived at the cottage, he carefully barred the door, a precaution he had never before thought of using; and then once more spread the glittering pieces out upon the board before him, and counted them one by one.

"There are just ninety-one pieces," suggested the shadow; "one piece would buy a new coat; don't you think you deserve something for finding the wallet, Hans?"

Hans listened but said nothing; he was thinking that if he had a new coat, he might walk to church with the miller's pretty daughter; but the people would wonder where he got a new coat. It seemed as if the Shadow knew his thoughts, for it went on:

"You might go to the town, you know, and perhaps there might be something owing you; who knows? The coat is bought with money owed to you, eh, Hans? And then on Sunday, when farmer Trenck comes along, he will have to stand one side; and look, now there comes the miller's pretty daughter!"

Hans looked up, and there she went, sure enough, looking more blooming than ever.

"You can replace the piece when you earn it, and restore the wallet then; no one knows *when* you found it," said the Shadow.

Hans sighed heavily; then he took up the bright pieces and dropped them in the bag, all save one; *that* he left upon the table.

"Thou shalt not steal," murmured the silver voice, but now the tone was faint as a dying echo and the brazen tone drowned it at once with a loud laugh and the inquiry.

"Who talks of stealing? Hans borrows the piece awhile, and hurts no one by it."

It was now dark, and Hans threw himself on the bed, after carefully locking up the bag in his chest, and hiding the one piece beneath his pillow. His sleep was restless and disturbed; and early next morning, unrefreshed, but determined, and not daring to question himself, he arose, took the gold piece and hastened away to the adjoining town.

It seemed to Hans that a dark pall was thrown over every thing, and the shadow that was flung on the ground at his side increased as he went; but the voice of the Shadow never ceased urging him on, and the shadowless was silent and dim.

The tailor, who knew Hans well, looked surprisedwhen Hans offered the piece of gold, but, he believed him when he said it was money long owed him, and having fitted him a handsome coat with bright buttons—handsomer even than farmer Trenck's—Hans, with his purchase, turned towards his home.

The morrow was Sunday, and the voice of the Shadow whispered of triumph in the new coat; but, despite all he could say the dark pall seemed thrown over all things and the shadow on the grass increased fearfully, while ever and anon the silver voice of the Shadowless murmured "Hans, art thou doing well!" until at last, in almost an agony, he reached home, and not daring to look at his new coat, he threw himself on his bench. The rushes lay scattered about him, and an unfinished basket was near; but work he could not; a gloom filled the cottage, and the dark Shadow lay crouched at his feet.

This day wore on, unheeded by Hans, who, alternately listening to the brazen tone, with something akin to confidence, and oppressed by the spell that bound him, sat listlessly twisting the rushes between his fingers, when a neighbor suddenly stopped at the door, and cried:

"Hast thou heard the news, Hans? The miller was robbed the night before last, when coming from market; he was knocked down and his wallet taken from him, before his two men came up; the robbers fled, and he has posted a reward for them. It was a great loss, of a certainty. Ninety-one heavy pieces; a fortune for a poor man, Hans."

Hans sat motionless, and the neighbor supposing him busy, and unwilling to gossip, passed on.

Hour after hour passed away, and Hans sat gazing on the wall, when the voice of the Shadow roused him.

"Come, Hans, be a man," it said confidently; "it is all or nothing now; no one will ever suspect you of having the money. If the robber is caught, so much the better. I suppose he flung the wallet aside for fear of detection, meaning to return for it again. It is a lucky chance that an honest man like yourself found it. The miller is rich, and by-and-by, when you improve in appearances, and open a shop for yourself, you will marry the miller's pretty daughter, and then you see it will be restored to him fourfold. Cheer up; I will show you some of the things that will be.—Look before you."

Hans looked up, and there, on the white-washed wall, beheld what appeared to be three compartments, like picture frames, in the first of which, seen only by lurid dazzling glare which the Shadow cast upon it, was a group of figures. Hans looked earnestly, and recognized himself in his handsome new coat, supporting on his arm the miller's pretty daughter, who smiled on him, while the old father looked on approvingly, and the rich farmer Trenck walked sullenly alone.

Hans' heart beat high, and turning to the second, he saw a church and a bridal party; and the groom and bride were himself and the miller's daughter. Now his heart stood still with ecstacy.

Still he looked on the third, and there in a lofty room, rich with carved mouldings and costly furniture, he beheld a matron surrounded by blooming children, and despite the cap and additional years, he knew the beautiful face of the miller's daughter. Seated at the table, at the other side of the room, appeared the figure of himself, looking as if years had passed lightly over him. He was dressed in the robes of a justice, and appeared writing. Hans shuddered: the scene recalled the present too vividly, and the Shadow hastened to throw so dazzling a light over the picture, as too blind him to its application. Then suddenly the voice of the Shadowless spoke this time loudly and distinctly.

"Look once more, Hans."

And Hans did look, and now the lurid glare was gone, and, seen in the silvery light of the star of the Shadowless, he beheld himself, pale, haggard and fearful, with the miller's daughter on his arm, while before him went the fearful Shadow, larger more fearful than ever.

He trembled.

At the second picture, the bridal party was indeed there, but a black pall enveloped every thing and the fearful Shadow filled the church with its hideous presence.

At the third he saw himself and the groud about him completely enveloped in its fearful gloom; the countenance of the miller's daughter was worn and faded, and for himself seen in that silver light of truth, he scarcely recognized his own features, so changed and terrible had their expression become.

Hans covered his face.

"You have now seen the visions of the false by the light of the true," said the Shadowless.—"Look once more and behold the truth itself."

As she spoke Hans looked up and [illegible] former visions swept away; and there, [illegible] before him, was the judgment hall, and [illegible] arraigned before the bar, charged with the [illegible] of highway robbery, and evidently receiving [illegible] tence of condemnation.

Hans bowed his head in agony.

"Oh! star-crowned Spirit, guide me and keep me from temptation!" he fervently ejaculated.—And at those words, the dark form vanished; the Shadow was gone from before him, and in its place was the soft clear shimmering light from the silver wings of the Shadowless.

Hans looked up, it was early dawn; but the sunlight seemed brighter to him, and a halo to rest upon the hills. He arose, and prompted by the bright form, which no longer rested upon his shoulder but now nestled in his bosom, he took the new coat from its hiding place, and unlocking his chest, took out the bag of gold. He shuddered when he touched it, and involuntarily looked about him fearing again to meet the tempter.—But the silver voice said cheeringly:

"Fear nothing, Hans; while I am next thy heart he cannot harm thee."

And so encouraged, he stepped boldly out with his new coat under his arm, and the bag of gold in his pocket.

There was no one stirring at that early hour, when he walked joyfully on; for ever as he went the silver light made a bright path before him, and seemed to widen and lengthen as he passed on. The tailor had just arisen, and much astonished was he, when Hans returned the coat, and begged the gold should be restored; telling how he had found the miller's money, and had been tempted. The tailor was a just man, and did as Hans desired; the piece was once more returned to its fellows, and he acompanied Hans towards the justice's house. As they neared it, they saw quite a crowd assembled, who when they saw Hans, all shouted:

"Here he is himself; we have got him!" and they seized him as they spoke. "So, it was you who robbed the miller," cried they; "we found your knife among the rushes."

But Hans looked down, and saw the Shadowless spirit resting in his bosom, and thus replying "Not so, my friends; come with me and learn all," he passed on, nothing dáunted, to the justice hall.

And there when the justice came in his robes to hear the case, and the miller appeared and told his story; and the men showed the knife which they swore belonged to Hans; then Hans himself stood up, and placing the bag of gold upon the table bofore him, told how he had found it, and had been tempted by the Shadow; and as he went on, and described the vision he had seen, and so discovered his love for the miller's pretty daughter, and told how the Shadowless had shown him all these things in their true light. As he spoke, the silver wings of the star-crowned Spirit in his bosom shone with new lustre, and the clear soft light spread until it filled the council chamber, and so fell upon his countenance like a glory.

It penetrated the breasts of all who heard him; the wing of the Shadowless fanned their hearts, and with one loud voice they acquitted him with honor.

And more than this, the miller himself took him home that day; and in the new coat which the tailor had fitted, and which the miller paid for, Hans walked to church beside the miller's daughter.

Not many Sundays after a bridal was celebrated in the little church. No dark Shadow was there, but, instead, the clear, soft, silver light from the wing of the Shadowless, floated like incense around them; and when years had passed, and Hans the miller, was with his wife and children, called the happiest family in all the town, it was the same silver spirit-light that brightened and glorified their dwelling, because the star-crowned Shadowless now made her abiding place in the heart of each, and to her they had dedicated the fireside altar of their home.

LETTERS TO MOTHERS.

NUMBER II.

Dear ladies and kind matrons, since writing last to you I am somewhat discouraged about giving the promised series of letters. It is unpleasant to work without a hope of accomplishing something, and there is so little hope of influencing a mother, by any advice, to adopt any system with her children. So much has been said on the subject—the most solemn considerations have been so much urged and dwelt upon, with so little effect, that it appears like talking to the wind. But my last "letter to country girls" brought me to a dead stop. I felt like one who, in walking, comes suddenly in contact with a stone wall. I might beg of girls to treat their mothers with love and respect, but when I know these mothers have taught them, from infancy, to disregard their wishes and disobey their commands, what great hope can I have that the grown girl will readily unlearn the lessons of her childhood?—The lack of filial respect has become a national characteristic with us. America is noted, over the civilized world, for disobedient children; and the cause of evil lies too deep to be generally remedied in three generations. This cause is the want of physical and intellectual strength in mothers. Our women are celebrated for their fragile health, and *beautiful* dependence upon the stronger sex. There is no country, I know any thing of, where women are so petted, so flattered, so protected as in America. They are shut up in close rooms, artificially heated, with nothing to do but study how they may still farther compress and distort their diminutive, angular forms, or are else confined in hot kitchens, concocting rich gravies and pastries to destroy their own and their friends' digestive organs. They are pale-faced and feeble,—petted and protected to death, without energy or self-reliance enough to command the respect of their children, any more than the strength to give them healthy existence at first. No reformation can be wrought in the mode of managing children that does not commence in the physical and mental education of mothers. The woman who eats a rich supper and sleeps all night in a close room, will get up in the morning, irritable, nervous, weak—quite unable to bear the noise of children, who are nervous and iritable from the same cause, or boistrous, with a greater degree of animal spirits. The mother knows well enough it is her duty to make her children obey, to restrain their propensities to vice, to study their dispositions, and cultivate their virtues; but how is she to do it, with her head throbbing, and the blood struggling sluggishly through her veins? She may have read all the Mother's Magazines, and Mother's Companions; and listened to a hundred sermons and lectures upon her duties and responsibilities, but how will that cure the dyspepsia and the back-ache, the head-ache, a pain in the left side, and "a goneness" in the right? Until all these are cured the mother is not able to bear the noise and trouble of the children. A father considers his duty performed if he spends his time in accumulating wealth for them, while personally they remain strangers to each other. His attention is altogether taken up with the affairs of his counting room or workshop, which his wife knows nothing at all about, and which he thinks it a point of honor to keep from her knowledge, until bankruptcy forces him to confide his secrets, or his death makes her an easy prey to some swindler in the shape of an executor or administrator. He is in equal ignorance of her department of labor—the management of the house and children—unless when it is forced upon his notice by petulent complaints. They are not a help-mete for each other—not united in sympathy of pursuit; but in some sense arrayed in antagonism. But it is not my present business to trace the intricacies of the conjugal relation, but only to mention this arrangement as one that deprives children of the careful superintendence of fathers. It is not good for man to be alone, neither is it for woman. The father and mother of a family should be united in the government of it. It should be a part of every father's *business* to spend a portion of time with his children. It should be a mother's duty to understand the business upon which her own and her children's support depends.

We know no business in which a sensible woman cannot assist her husband, if not by active co-operation, at least by sympathy and advice; and a moderately silly woman will gain common sense by a persevering attempt of this kind. This common sense will aid her in managing her children, while a division of thought and labor that would give fathers a part of the business that is now left to mothers, and give mothers a part of theirs in turn, would greatly tend to obviate the weariness of a treadmill existence, such as so often falls to the lot of both. The mutual sympathy in each other's pursuits, and bearing of each other's burdens, would lighten the cares of both—produce more harmony, and command more respect from their children. Children are keen observers. No one can exercise a proper control over them without possessing a goodly share of their affection and respect. To gain this, one must generally deserve it, at least it would be easier to deserve it really, than to keep up such a seeming as will win and preserve it. If a woman is inferior in mind, or in moral qualities—if her husband or any one else treats her as a toy—a doll—a thing to listen to petty nonsense, or an upper servant to make puddings and pies, her children will catch the spirit, and treat her likewise. Let a man take airs of superiority toward his wife, and she submit to them—acknowledge herself inferior, either by slavish submission, or petty bickering about her consequence, and she loses her dignity in presence of her children.—They will not respect, will not obey her.

It is very easy to trace the laxity of parental authority in this country to the absorbing pursuit of money that occupies the minds of men—the want of physical education of women, and the place assigned them as intellectual inferiors.—Those who can remedy these vails will do much toward training up children in the way they should go: but they will never be so trained until they are remedied.—[Mrs. Swisshelm.

THE FIRESIDE FIEND.

We can hardly enter a country village without hearing some recent case of brutal treatment by a drunkard, of his wife and family. For instance, we spent the last Sabbath in Windham, and were told that within the week, a man was arrested in one part of the town for having threatened the life of his wife, pursuing with a carving knife and attempting to injure his child. In another part of the town, a man had been sentenced to the county jail, for shamefully abusive treatment of his wife. In both these instances, the men were said to be "good fellows when sober."

Surely, upon the drunkard's wife are poured the worst evils of this iniquitous system. One after another, thicker and faster, its blows fall upon her, as she sits by her own fireside, within the sacred enclosure of her home. There, where all should be peace and harmony, where the cheerful fire-light should infuse into the breast of each member of the family, a warmth, which the cares, the sorrows and crosses of the outer world could not chill—there she sees the fiend, Intemperance, revealing his most hideous and repulsive features. It is there he comes to enjoy his fullest, completest triumph. When the fire of love is quenched on the domestic altar, and darkness and ashes only are left—when the Priestess of the inner temple lies writhing in agony at his feet—when the husband and father is turned to a brute, when the wife and mother is compelled to witness the degradation and suffer the ill treatment of her companion, and the ruin of her children's hopes—then he triumphs, then he exults—then he laughs, and the infernal pit re-echoes to his glee.

That which renders this cup of sorrow most bitter to the drunkard's wife, is the fact that she *must* drink it at home. If we can meet the ills of life abroad, and if home remains to us a quiet retreat which those ills cannot enter, they have no real power over us; we sit within its charmed circle and laugh them to scorn. But Intemperance assaults the wife at her domestic hearth, and there she must bear her sorrows until her heart breaks, shut up from the world's observation, and the world's sympathy. She must bear, too, not only her own sorrows, but the cold and cruel indifference of the great majority of the community, who by their patronage, their votes, and their laws, sustain the destroyers of her happiness in their unrighteous business. There are at this moment thousands of wives bearing this great burden of sorrow, striving to cherish and protect their children, exposed as they are to a father's evil example, a father's neglect or violence, exposed to hunger and hardship, and to the cold and unfeeling contempt of lookers on, who see nothing but vice in their ignorance, nothing but crime in the degradation which a father's vicious habits have forced upon them, and that father, too, ruined by the customs of society, and the temptations of legal rumsellers. And yet this nation, and especially this portion of our nation, is extolled to the skies for their chivalrous protection of, and their tender respect towards females! Oh, ye praters about the rights and wrongs of woman, when will ye come up to the work of destroying woman's deadliest enemy, the fiend at the fireside, Intemperance?

[N. E. Fountain.

MRS. SANFORD.

This lady, the able editress of "The True Kindred," and heretofore noticed by us visited our town last week. On Wednesday evening last, upon invitation, she delivered a public lecture on Temperance, to a crowded house. The lecture was a most splendid effort. It was searching, powerful and most truly eloquent. We have rarely heard a lecture, from any source, that had as many excellencies as the one delivered by Mrs. Sanford. In beauty of arrangement, excellence in style, correctness of enunciation, felicity of expression, elegance of diction, and lofty and grand flights of imagination, we have rarely heard it equalled. It was strong and argumentative, and her appeals to young men, the father, and the sister, went home to the heart. It was not destitute of pathos, as the tears glistened in many an eye.

The lecture, we trust, will do much good.—The audience were deeply interested, if we may judge from the attention given it.

Mrs. Sandford is truly a talented woman.—And we sincerely hope that she has been cheered with a large list of subscribers to her valuable paper. Exchange paper.

[We hope Mrs. Sanford will visit New York in her travels; should she do so we cordially invite her to our village, and will insure her a hearty welcome.—Ed. Lily.]

Punishing Liars.—In Turkey, when a storekeeper is convicted of telling a lie, his house is painted black, to remain so for one month. If such a law were in force here, it might give a sombre appearance to some of our cities.

The four Characteristics.

Rev. Henry Giles in a recent Lecture in New York, on Manliness, thus designates the four great characteristics which have distinguished mankind;

The Hebrew was mighty by the power of faith, the Greek by Knowledge and Art—the Roman by Arms—but the might of the Modern Man is placed in Work. This is shown by the peculiar pride of each. The pride of the Hebrew was in Religion—the pride of the Greek was in Wisdom—the pride of the Roman was in Power—the pride of the Modern Man is in Wealth.

Bad Temper.—A jar of household vinegar, wherein all the pearls of happiness are dissolved.

Written for the Lily.

HENRY NEIL AND HIS MOTHER.

CONVERSATION NO. V.

Henry.—What is the reasen that Temperance is not a party question?

Mother.—Because it is generally considered *unwise* to carry one's principles into his politics or religion.

Henry.—I am sure they are making slavery a test question, both in church and state.

Mother.—Not in those states where the evil exists. Here in New York our politicians can afford to discourse on slavery, picture forth all its evils, and denounce those who abet and support it; because there are no slaveholders to vote here. But think you we could get any of these *humane politicians* on the eve of an election to deliver a course of lectures on temperance; condemning the liquor traffic—urging the people to demand stringent laws against the rumseller, distiller, and the farmer who helps to support the traffic? Verily, no!! There are rumsellers to *vote* in New York!

Henry.—Instead of granting licenses as is now done for a stipulated sum of money, would it not be well to set the price a little higher, and forbid the exercise of the right to the elective franchise during the continuance in the traffic? The rumseller cannot pay too dear for all the evil he does. In this way he would be stripped of all political influence, and the state might still reap her unjust gains.

Mother.—The state gains nothing by the liquor traffic. Let me give you some statistics that you may judge how great her taxes must be. "There are 1,700 criminals in the New York state prisons, of whom 1,300 are indebted to the rumseller's merchandize for their crimes. The Empire state has to make provision for 880 insane persons. Of these 400 owe their loss of reason to rum and rumsellers. Of the 1,900 paupers in the poor-houses of this state, 1,700 owe their pauperism to strong drink." The city of New York alone supports 8000 houses for the worship of Bachus. Now can the small sum of money which each rumseller pays yearly for his license be any compensation for the evil he does in a pecuniary point of view? Your idea of taking from the rumseller all voice in the government, would undoubtedly end the traffic.

Henry.—I would not *take* it from him; that would be a violation of right. It would be a fair exchange, voluntary on his part. For I suppose these rumsellers are so wedded to their business, that like Esau of old, they would sell their birthright for a mess of potage.

Mother.—Could we induce the rumseller to give up his vote, we should no doubt soon see a new state of things. Our candidates for office would then find temperance a grand theme for eloquence, and a subject very dear to their hearts; and our legislators would be full of sympathy for the poor drunkard, and propose many plans to relieve the state of the unnecessary expenditures caused by the rum traffic.

E C Stanton

SUN FLOWER.

☞ The editor of the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post* in the course of his comments upon Mr. Dana's lectures to women which were published in that paper, makes the following sensible remarks:

We have faith in our age, we have faith in our women—and thus we fear not any change which either may bring us. We do not believe that great nature has exhausted her stores. This vast new world has not been discovered, and peopled with a most wonderful people—the offspring of all the nations of the earth—to shame itself and high heaven. New forms of life, new customs of society, new manners, great men and glorious women, fit to be the mothers and "help-meets" of such men, must be the growth of this new world, or history and philosophy are lies.

What is the present social sphere of woman? Is it such a consistent, harmonious and perfect whole that the spirit of the age has shown but little short of irreverence in touching it with rude hands? Our own reforming spirit has never run in this channel, but we cannot blind ourselves to great facts. Observe what public sentiment, as represented by the press, allows and even praises a woman for being and doing, and what, by the same authority, it is social treason for her to be and do.

A woman may appear on the stage as an actress or dancer, half-naked if she will; but not on the platform, decorously attired, as President or Secretary of a benevolent society. She may appear, in a low-necked dress, in a concert room, and sing a song at the top of her voice; but may not deliver the same amount of sound in the shape of an oration. She may be a clerk in, or manage a *retail* business, but not a *wholesale* one. She may write books and lectures, but not deliver the latter publically. She may read Shakspeare to crowded audiences, but not her own compositions. She may be a postmaster, but not a clerk in a public office. She may be a Queen of England, but not a legislator of England, or a President of the United States.

Now, whatever else may be said, no sensible man or woman will deny that the above distinctions between what a woman may or may not do, are merely conventional and arbitrary ones—that they are not parts of one harmonious, consistent system founded on a great principle, but are merely the heterogeneous and inconsistent dictates of custom and fashion,

What then is the true sphere of woman?—Who can answer this question in its length and its breadth? Certainly, in limiting her action, we cannot prove false to the noble female souls that have gone before us. We may say, in the general, that all that a woman can do in a womanly spirit, is in her sphere—but can we say that Miriam, and Judah, and Deborah, and Joan of Arc, and Madam Roland, and Charlotte Corday, and Grace Darling, and the many devoted women of our own Indian and Revolutionary wars, acted unwomanly in their heroic deeds?—May not every living being do what God has given it capacity to do—carefully discriminating between the use and the abuse of its powers? We put the question, not committing ourselves to it. Evidently it is the sphere of the great mass of women, to attend to their household concerns, to rear and educate the children of the land.

And in order to do this—to be the wives and "help meets," not the mere playthings of man, and the mothers of noble children—must not women be encouraged to cultivate *all* their faculties—their intellect, moral nature, and affections, striving to develope them harmoniously—and not to merely educate and strengthen the affections; the heart, alone. Will not the mothers of the land determine eventually the men of the land? If your women be mere parlor ornaments, mere creatures of sentiment and affection, will not their children be corresponding men? We hear of the greatness of the Roman state, and of the prowess of Sparta,—and the terms "Roman mothers" and "Spartan mothers" have passed into proverbs.

We have nearly said our say. Mr. Dana has disappointed us in his views upon this subject, but we have listened to him "more in sorrow than in anger." The influence of his two lectures upon woman, has been in our opinion, to a great degree injurious. Hundreds of women—second-rate Desdemonas; there is no scarcity of them—have listened to him gladly, and gone away perfectly satisfied that it is not only useless but unwomanly to cultivate their intellectual powers.—To be affectionate, keep the children from falling into the fire, and mind their husbands, they are now fully satisfied is the whole duty of women.

Great souls are always loyally submissive and reverent to what is over them; only small, mean souls are otherwise.

A GOOD LAW.

I asked a learned Judge a few evenings since if he were vested with power, to do whatever he thought right, what he would do for the temperance cause! After slowly passing his hand over his head three or four times, he said he would make a law by which a wife could compel any person who gave her husband rum, to pay her five dollars for every glass, and that there need be no difficulty in proving the offence, he would make the husband a witness. He would also pass a law by which all contracts should be null and void, which were connected in any way with the liquor traffic. Thus there could be no credit between the rumseller, manufacturer, or farmer, and by making rum and grain cash articles, he thought the business would be greatly hampered.

I find that something like the chivalrous outpourings of the Judge's great head, is in fact already the law of Wisconsin. To quote two sections from the "model law":

§ 4. It shall be lawful for any married woman to institute and maintain in her own name, a suit on any such bond, for all damages, sustained by herself, or children, on account of such traffic, and the money when collected shall be paid over for the use of herself and children.

§ 5. No suits for liquor bills shall be entertained by any of the courts of this State, and whenever it shall be made to appear to any court, before which a suit may be pending, on a promissory note, that such note was given in whole or in part for liquor bills, such court shall immediately dismiss such suit at the costs of the plaintiff.

This bill relating to the sale of spirituous liquors, which was adopted at the last session of the Wisconsin Legislature, is hailed by the temperance community as the "model law" against the liquor traffic. It ought to be adopted at once by every State in the Union.

S.

THE WASTED FLOWERS.

On the velvet bank of a rivulet sat a rosy child. Her lap was filled with flowers, and a garland of rosebuds were twined around her neck. Her face was as radiant as the sunshine that fell upon it; and her voice was as clear as that of the bird which warbled at her side. The little stream went singing on, and with every gush of its music the child lifting a flower in its dimpled hand; with a merry laugh threw it upon its surface. In her glee she forgot that her treasures were growing less, and with the swift motion of childhood she flung them upon the sparkling tide, until every bud and blossom had disappeared. Then seeing her loss she sprang upon her feet and bursting into tears, called aloud to the stream, "bring back my flowers!"

But the stream danced along regardless of her tears; and as it bore the blooming burden away, her words came back in a taunting echo along its reedy margin. And long after, amid the wailing of the breeze and the fitful burst of childish grief, was heard the fruitless cry, "bring back my flowers!" Merry maiden! who art idly wasting away the precious moments so bountifully bestowed upon thee, emblem of thyself. Each moment is a perfumed flower. Let its fragrance be dispensed in blessings on all around thee, and ascend in sweet incense to its beneficent Giver. Else when thou hast carelessly flung them from thee, and seest them receding on the swift waters of time, thou wilt cry in tones more sorrowful than those of the child—"bring back my flowers!"—And the only answer will be an echo from the shadowy past—"bring back my flowers."

LIFE CHEQUERED.—The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Every young man should remember that the world allways has and always will honor industry.

THE LILY.

AMELIA BLOOMER, Editor.

MARCH, 1850.

INTEMPERANCE AND CRIME.

The close connexion between intemperance and crime has often been shown. Our attention has recently been called to the subject in looking over the excellent report of the chaplain of the Auburn state prison. Under the head of "Habits and Social State," the following facts relative to the habits of six hundred and nine prisoners confined in that prison are given :

Moderate drinkers,	238.
Intemperate drinkers,	338.
Total abstainers,	33 ! !

What an illustration of the legitimate fruits of intemperance is here presented! More than one half of all the persons confined for crime have been addicted to habits of intemperance, while hardly a twentieth part have practiced total abstinence. The statistics of the other two state prisons are not given, but we have no doubt they would present results equally appalling.—Could we present these in addition to the above, and also show the social habits of those who yearly perish upon the gallows, then indeed the picture would be complete. Then we should have before us at a single glance the full and awful results of this terrible vice. And yet, no! We forget the thousands who crowd our poor-houses —driven there for shelter and protection. We forget the tens of thousands who are dragging out useless and wretched lives, a curse to themselves and to community, and yet are not so fortunate as to have committed sufficient crime to entitle them to a home within the walls of a prison. We say *fortunate*, for we consider it a deed of mercy thus to protect the drunkard from the state's legalized robbers who are seeking his destruction ; and doubly fortunate would it be for the family of every drunkard if imprisonment were the penalty for drunkenness.

Comments upon such facts as the above are needless. They tell their own tale—read their own moral. We here see from whence comes the material with which our prisons are filled, and also the cause of the heavy taxes for the support of criminals and paupers. We here see the cause of nine-tenths of all the poverty, crime and misery with which a free and enlightened people of the nineteenth century are cursed, We here see illustrated, in all their terrible results, the consequences flowing from the sale and the use of intoxicating drinks.

And yet this is a legalized traffic! Our rulers have made it lawful and right, for a class of men to cut down and destroy all over whom they can exercise any influence, and as yet all efforts to induce them to repeal and prohibit this right have been unavailing. With all these fearful results staring them in the face, they still lend their influence to sustain the barbarous work.

Christians, friends of humanity, we ask you to ponder these things well ! How more effectually can you guard against the continuance and increase of crime, than by giving your whole energies and influence to secure the advancement of temperance principles, and an entire abstinence from intoxicating drinks? If only 33 out of six hundred and nine convicts in Auburn prison, have practised total abstinence, have we not every reason to believe that by securing the full and entire sanction of community to the prohibition of the traffic, the causes and the actual commission of crime would be greatly reduced ? Again we say, ponder these things well !

HAVE WOMEN SOULS ?

The legislature of Tennesee after gravely discussing the question, have in their wisdom decided that women have no souls, and no right to hold property!! Wise men those, and worthy to be honored with a seat in the halls of legislation in a christian land! Women no souls? Then of course we are not accountable beings; and if not accountable to our Maker, surely not to man! Man represents us, legislates for us, and now holds himself accountable for us! How kind in him, and what a weight is lifted from us. We shall no longer be answerable for the violation of the laws of God or man—no longer be subjected to punishment for breaking them—no longer responsible for any of our doings! Man, in whom iniquity is perfected, has assumed the whole charge of us, and left us helpless, soulless, defenceless creatures, dependent on him for leave to speak or act !

We suppose these wise legislators consider this question settled beyond dispute, but we fear they will have some trouble with it yet. Although it may be an easy matter for them to arrive at such a conclusion, it will be quite another thing to make women believe it. We are not so blind to the weakness and imperfections of man as to set his word above that of our Maker, or so ready to yield obedience to his laws as to place them before the laws of God. However blindly we may be led by him—however much we may yield to his acquired power over us, we cannot yet fall down and worship him as our superior.—Some men ever act as though they thought women had no souls, but it remained for the legislators of Tennesee to boldly speak it to the world.

We have not designed saying much ourself on the subject of "*woman's rights*," but we see and hear so much that is calculated to keep our sex down, and impress us with a conviction of our inferiority and helplessness, that we feel compelled to act on the defensive, and stand for what we consider our just rights. If things are coming to such a pass as that indicated by the above decision, we think it high time that women should open their eyes and look where they stand. It is quite time that their rights *should be discussed*, and that woman herself should enter the contest.

We have ever felt that in regard to property, as in many other things, the laws were unjust to woman. Men make laws without consulting us, and of course they will make them all in their own favor—especially as we are powerless and cannot contend for our share. We believe that most women are capable of taking care of their own property, and that they have the right to hold it and dispose of it as they please—man's decision to the contrary, notwithstanding. For ourself, we have no fears but we could take care of a fortune, if we had one, without any assistance from the law or lawyers, and we should think them meddling with what did not concern them should they undertake to control it for us.

The legislature of our own state has taken a step in advance on this subject, and granted to women the right to their own property. We trust this is but a foretaste of the enlightened sentiment of the people of New York, and that it will pave the way to greater privileges, and the final elevation of woman to that position in society which shall entitle her and her opinions to respect and consideration.

BRANDY AT A PARTY!!!

Ot how much is woman guilty! How much has she to answer for !—how great is her responsibility, and how fearful will be her accountability for the ruin of the many souls she has led on to destruction ! Oh ! how it chills our blood when we see woman, acknowledged to be God's most perfect work, and endowed with every faculty for the improvement and elevation of her race, stooping to minister to the baser passions and appetites of man, and luring him, step by step, down the dark road of intemperance to irretrievable ruin, and an eternity of remorse and despair ! And this too, not by the dissolute and depraved alone—not by the fallen outcast from the society and the sympathy of the virtuous and good, but by those claiming the attentions and the regards of the best—those who set themselves up as patterns for others to follow—who take the lead in fashionable society, and whose influencc for good or for evil is widely felt and lasting in its effects.

Such thoughts as these were called forth for perhaps the thousandth time when we learned from a friend that at a party given by a lady (?) not far from this, some two weeks since, the gentlemen were invited into a side room where the "spirit of the still" was the presiding genius, and there invited to partake of that subtle poison, the effect of which is to deaden the sense, cloud the intellect, brutalize the passions, and transform men into demons. Most of those present, we are told, refrained from falling into the snare laid for them ; but one more weak than the rest, fell an easy victim to the tempter, and so far lost his self-respect as to appear before the company in a state of intoxication that could not be disguised.

We cannot conceal our hatred of such doings, and how much we despise those who voluntarily yield themselves up as servants of him whose business it is first to allure and lead astray that he may the more easily destroy. We care not who the guilty tempters are—whether they stand high in the estimation of the world with riches and honors to shield them, or whether they are those who *now* deal out the poison for three cents a glass to the low and vulgar herd, and find in such fit associates, and *now* at parties given where the more respectable are invited and hesitate not to attend, offer it as refreshment to their guests.

We might mention many cases similar to the above, in our own village. There is a class who at their social gatherings, seem desirous of ministering to the depraved appetites of the few, at the expense of the feelings of the many. Some side room is provided with alcoholic poison, and hither during the evening may be seen stealing

those who cannot even spend a few hours in company with ladies without their usual potations.

We know that some women excuse themselves, and find others ready to excuse them, by throwing the blame upon their husbands, and saying it is something *they* cannot help. But this is no excuse at all. Home is said to be "woman's sphere," and here she certainly should be mistress. It is for her to provide such entertainment for her guests as she thinks proper, and her husband has no right to exercise any authority on the subject. Any woman has it in her power to control the matter, and to say whether her guests shall be drugged with intoxicating poison or not. If the husband insists upon it, she can drop the party,—or if too late for that, when it is brought into the house she can find a way to put it out. It is no woman's duty to sacrifice principle, and right, and yield to a husband's wish in what she knows to be wrong, and we pity the weakness of her who tamely submits to be governed in things where she herself should rule, and then attempts to prove her innocence by saying that her husband *would have it so.*

Shocking as this reckless destruction of human happiness and life is at all times, it is still more so when *woman* is the offender—christian woman, who professes to be a believer in that God who has said, "look not upon the wine," and who has also said, "no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven."

What the fate of the young man thus tempted and thus early in life yielding to temptation, may be in the future, is known only to Him who knoweth all things; but it needs no prophet's vision to foretell that unless he stops short in the dangerous path he has entered, the drunkard's life and the drunkard's *woe* most surely await him. Should this be his fate--should this bright and promising youth be doomed to drag out a wretched inebriate life, can she who at this time placed before him the fatal glass, excuse herself from blame? Can she plead guiltless should she hereafter see him a vile and loathsome drunkard? Can she wash her hands from guilt should a sorrowful and broken hearted mother, and mourning friends accuse her as an accessory to his ruin? We know not what the feelings of others may be, but for ourself, we can say we know of no crime we could commit, more revolting to our feelings and fraught with more unhappiness and remorse to ourself. than to deliberately present a glass of intoxicating drink, as a beverage, to a fellow creature. It is a deed of which we have never been guilty, and sooner may our right arm be palsied, than be stained with such a crime.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

It is really quite amusing to see the excitement caused by the agitation of the vexed question of "woman's rights." Men seem to entertain fears that the women are going to cause a revolution in society, and that *they* will be compelled to perform the domestic duties which belong exclusively to our sex. Hence they feel it incumbent upon them to crush the spirit of rebellion ere the rebels gain strength to carry out their fearful designs. They are quite alarmed also for the consequences which will result to women from the loss of their "soft and gentle natures," should they become aroused to a sense of their inferior situation, and brushing the dust from their clouded intellects, resolve henceforth to live for higher and nobler purposes, than solely to minister to the appetites and passions of man.

We suppose they would prefer that like the women of the harem, they should know no will but to obey their lords and masters, and aim at nothing higher than to deck themselves in trinkets and lead an ignorant and indolent life. Some of the gentlemen editors who feel it their especial duty to watch over the interests of their sex, are already sounding notes of alarm, and calling upon their clan to prepare to resist the army of women that are coming against them to battle.—But men may talk and write as much as they please, it will avail them but little; for while they have women of as powerful intellect and great knowledge as Jane Swisshelm, Lucretia Mott, Lydia Jane Pierson, Mrs. Nichols, and a host of others whom we might mention to contend with, they may not hope to crush or subdue the desire which has formed in woman's breast to emancipate her sex from the degraded position to which they are now in too many cases reduced.

It is a favorite saying with the would be "lords of creation," that "women will have their way." If they really have faith in this time worn phrase, they had better spare their breath and their ink for some other subject, for women have resolved that on this question they are right, and for once at least will have their *say* if they do not their *way.*

For the Lily.

Mrs. Editor:—You state in your last paper that the temperance question is now *fairly* before our Legislature. Well,—it may be before that Honourable body, but it is certainly behind every thing else. I doubt whether our Legislators have had a glimpse of its head even, over the shoulders of the hundred other minor subjects, that have there presented themselves, demanding the time and attention of our representatives. I see by the papers, they have had long pow-wows on plank roads, rail roads, bridges, usury laws, coarse salt companies, tolls on foreign salt, on giving members Webster's Dictionary, and spelling book, manuels and penknives. I see too, that petitions have been presented for colleges, schools, and cemeteries; bills for the relief of John Doe and Richard Roe, and the chiefs of the Stockbridge Indians in Wisconsin, &c., &c. But I have not yet seen any debates on the "license laws," or damages from the liquor traffic; no long speeches on temperance, tho' they have spouted eloquently on Slavery, a subject on which they expect to pass no laws in this State. That is not our particular sin. We have no slaveholders or slave trade under our jurisdiction,—but we have rumsellers and the rum traffic. Negro slavery is a very proper question for discussion in Washington, for the general government has the right to regulate the slave trade, and abolish slavery in the District. The rum traffic should be *the question* in Albany—When we shall have no drunkards, no distillers, no grain raised in the Empire State for the purpose of distillation, then let our representatives spend all their eloquence on slavery; but until then we have a right to claim it for our own crimes and misery, which they by wise laws should prevent and relieve. One of the present Senators, a well known friend of temperance, told me a few days since, that of the scores of letters he had received from his constituents, on all subjects, he had not one urging him to do, or say anything on temperance,—not one petition sent him to present—not one resolution sent him to offer on that subject. It may be this Senator comes from some benighted district up North.—I hope the representative from the 25th district will be supplied by his constituents with more important subjects for discussion, than payment of canal damages.

Alas! for the temperance interest in this [illegible] if it is now fairly represented at the Capitol. Let the women of your district test the moral stamina of its representative. Send him a fac simile of the Wisconsin bill. relating to the sale of spirituous liquors for him to present and support,—send him some good stout resolutions to offer,—send him a petition that all the drunkard's wives receive an annual pension from the State, and their property, if they have any, be exempt from taxation.

S.

We heartily wish that a petition and resolutions, such as are above called for, could be got up and signed by every woman in this county. But heretofore everything done by women has been slighted and ridiculed by our legislature, and they seem to have become discouraged in their efforts to obtain protection at their hands. A petition quite numerously signed by the citizens of this place, has been forwarded to the *Member* from this district, and we presume ere this has been presented. Others, also, we are told, have been sent from other parts of the county.

GOOD.

The License Law in Wisconsin, provides that the venders of liquor shall be required to give bonds, with sureties, to respond in damages to third persons sustaining damages, that can be traced to the sale of liquor by them. The wife of Jacob Keyson sued a vender recently under this provision, for damages sustained in taking care of her husband when he was suffering from delerium tremens, induced by liquor furnished by the defendant. The jury rendered a verdict for the plaintiff, giving her $100.

We admire the spirit of Mrs. Keyson, and rejoice to know that a *woman* has dared to put the admirable Wisconsin law in force. We hope this decision in her favor may inspire others with confidence to prosecute the good work thus begun. We believe if a law should be enacted in this State, giving women power to prosecute liquor venders, it would not long remain a dead letter. The cruel wrongs and sufferings endured by women, would spur them to a work, which man, with all his boasted powers, would shrink from.

☞ An inquiry has been instituted in Massachusetts, whether there should not be an asylum for confirmed drunkards. Our vote should be in the affirmative. Habitual drunkenness is a species of insanity, which proper treatment can cure.

[Exchange.

Better build asylums for the drunkard *makers.* for they show stronger symptoms of insanity, or of being possessed with evil spirits than does the drunkard. Secure the rumsellers and drunkenness will cease at once. If the infamous traffic must be continued, we would vote for asylums for the drunkard's wife and children, but we should try a more severe remedy for the drunkard. We think Mrs. Swisshelm's plan of *horse-whipping* would prove an effectual one.

The people of Massachusetts will get themselves into business should they undertake to cure all the drunkards, for of course they design at the same time to license a few hundred rumsellers to manufacture patients for them, so that as fast as they cure one set another will be ready.

Many people drop a tear at the sight of distress who would do better to drop a sixpence.

For the Lily.

SUPERIOR—INTELLECTUALLY—MORALLY—PHYSICALLY.

(CONTINUED.)

2d. Let us consider man as a *moral* being.—Look now at our Theological Seminaries, our divinity students, the long line of descendents from our apostolic Fathers, and what do we find here? Perfect moral rectitude in every relation of life—a devoted spirit of self sacrifice,—a perfect union in thought, opinion, and feeling, among those who profess to worship the one God, whose laws they feel called upon to declare to a fallen race? Far from it. These persons all so thoroughly acquainted with the character of God and of his designs made manifest by his words and works, are greatly divided among themselves. Every sect has its own God,—every sect has its own Bible; and there is as much bitterness, envy, hatred, and malice, between these contending sects—yea, even more than in our political parties, during periods of the greatest excitement. Now the leaders of these sects are the priesthood, who are supposed to have passed their lives almost in the study of the Bible, in various languages, and with various commentaries—in the contemplation of the infinite, the eternal and the glorious future open to the redeemed of earth. Are they distinguished among men for their holy aspirations, their virtue, purity, and chastity? Do they keep themselves unspotted from the world? Is the moral and religious life of this class what we might expect from minds (said to be) continually fixed on such mighty themes? By no means.—Not a year passes but we hear of some sad, soul sickening deed perpetrated, by some of this class.

If such be the state of the most holy, we need not pause now, to consider those classes who claim of us less reverence and respect. The lamentable want of principle among our Lawyers generally, is too well known to need comment.—The everlasting bickering and back-biting of our Physicians is proverbial. The disgraceful riots at our polls, where man in performing so important a duty of a citizen ought surely to be sober-minded,—the perfect rowdyism that now characterizes the debates in our National Congress—all these are great facts which rise up against man's claims to moral superiority. In my opinion he is greatly woman's inferior in every moral virtue—not by nature, but made so by a false education.

In carrying out his own selfishness,—man has greatly improved woman's moral nature, but by an almost total shipwreck of his own. Woman has now the noble virtues of the martyr; she is early schooled to self denial and suffering. But man is not so wholly buried in selfishness that he does not sometimes get a glimpse of the narrowness of his soul as compared with woman's; then he says by way of excuse for his degradation, "God made woman more self-denying than us, it is her nature, it does not cost her as much to give up her wishes, her will, her life even, as it does us. We are naturally selfish. *God made us so.*" No! think not that He who made the heavens and the earth, the whole planetary world ever moving on in such order and harmony,—that He who has so bountifully scattered through all nature so many objects that delight us, and fill us with admiration and wonder,—that He who has made the mighty ocean, mountain and cataract—the bright and joyous birds—the tender, lovely flowers,—that He who made man in his own image, perfect, noble, pure, lovi justice, mercy, and truth,—think not that he had any part in the production of that debased, selfish creature now extant claiming for himself *the name of man.* No, God's commands rest upon man as well as woman. It is as much his duty to be kind, gentle, self-denying as it is hers,—as much his duty to absent him self from scenes of violence, as it is hers. A place or a position that would require the sacrifice of the delicacy and refinement of woman's nature, is unfit for man,—for these virtues should as carefully guarded in him as in her. The e ideas that prevail with regard to the purity necessary to contribute the perfect character in woman, and that requisite for man, has done an infinite deal of mischief in the world. We would not have woman less pure, but we would have man more so. We would have the same code of morals for both. Moral delinquencies which exclude women from the society of the true and the good, should assign to man the same place.—Partiality towards man has been the fruitful source of dissipation and riot, drunkeness, debauchery and immorality of all kinds. It has not only affected woman injuriously by narrowing her sphere of action, but man himself has suffered from it. It has destroyed the nobleness, the gentleness, that should belong to his character—the beauty and transparancy of soul—the dislike of everything bordering on coarseness and vulgarity—all those finer qualities of our nature, which raise us above the earth and give us a foretaste of the beauty and bliss, and the refined enjoyments of the world to come. S. F.

MRS. BLOOMER, of the Lily, Seneca Falls, N. Y., presents us a neat and excellent temperance journal; and to our imagination, Mrs. Bloomer is a very lily herself; sweet, pure, and drooping with the dew of sympathy and pity for the unfortunate victims of intemperance. Sweet sister, thou art toiling in a noble cause; may good angels aid thee, and God crown thy efforts with success. So shall the blessings of those who were ready to perish become ministering angels to soothe thee in all times of sorrow, and bear thy name and thy deeds to the throne of heaven.

[Lancaster Gazette.

Thanks, thanks, dear, MRS. Pierson, for your kind words and cheering commendations.—We feel doubly nerved by them to labor on in the good work we have set our hands to do, and shall ever feel it a high privilege thus to use the little talent we possess, so long as we have for co-laborers women gifted with the talents and the virtues of the editor of the Gazette.

LADY EDITORS.

We are in the receipt of several papers edited by ladies, and we should like to say to them many things which we cannot in our editorial corner. But we can say what, judging them by ourself, it will cheer them to know—that they contribute largely to our social and intellectual enjoyment and our ability to do and dare for the cause of humanity. It is so like the dropping in of a friend to take tea and spend the evening, when our husband empties his capacious pockets and we find Mrs. Swisshelm, Mrs. Pierson and Mrs. Bloomer beside us, each with heart full of stirring thoughts. We take our knitting—we always knit while we read, and can think so much better to the click of the needles—we take our knitting and, seated by the table, the cheerful beams of the solar lamp bringing in pleasing relief many an object associated with physical comfort and social enjoyment, from our pet flowers to the great arm-chair of the "*invalid* husband"—and who can say we lack anything? Though necessarily cut off by our avocations from the usual social intercourse of villages and neighborhoods, with such, and so many associates as our exchanges furnish, we feel no vacuum in our sympathies—are conscious of no social privations. Besides, we are sensible of very important advantages in this sort of social intercourse. In the first place, it seems our destiny—we are such a talker—to say the most of what we hear, when we mingle with bodily presences, while these spiritual presences that steal to us so silently, but not unexpectedly, talk with us and to us, our thoughts responding and our sympathies warming to their influence. But our company is waiting. *Mrs. Swisshelm*, always in haste to speak what we are in a hurry to hear, impresses us with a presentiment that when we take tea with her (as she has invited us to do,) the tea will get cold and the "flannel cakes" be forgotten. There is just difference enough in our views, and that difference about the husks and hulls of life's great practical truths and vital interests, to bring us into delightful collision. But *Mrs. Pierson*—our heart looks back, back into a sorrow-mingled past and discerns dear and respected Mrs. Pierson, whose sweet music often lulled it sobbing, to rest in her warm bosom—and longs to seize her bodily and bring her to its own sunny perch, where suffering not only gives thanks for the past, but declares a dividend of accumulated joy. *Mrs. Bloomer* throws open the yawning rum-shop and ranges the miserable and degraded children and wife of the drunkard beside the legislation which both furnishes the rum, and consigns them to the drunken protection of its consumer, with a truthfulness and energy which, more than anything else, whispers in our heart, "to vote or not to vote," is *that* the question? "Is there no pity in man's obdurate heart," that *woman* should be tempted to defy the tide of noisy politics and seize the ballot-box to throw it at the rum-jug?

[Brattleboro Democrat.

It is truly cheering to *us*, Mrs. Nichols, to know that we are a welcome visitor at your fireside, and if we add in any way to your enjoyments we are doubly cheered. for we may thus make some small return for the pleasure and encouragement which you afford to us.

We should *so like* to drop in bodily and take tea with you. and meet Mrs. Swisshelm and Mrs. Pierson, whom we mutually admire, at your table. What a nice chat we would have over our tea, and how much *we* should be strengthened by an interchange of thought and sentiment. and a reciprocation of feeling with those greater lights! But then it would never do, for should some jealous gentleman editor get wind of it he would give an alarm, and we should be arrested on a charge of treason, and a design to overturn society. So we must content ourself with spiritual communion, and it does our heart good to partake of the rich intellectual feast provided weekly for us by Mrs. Swisshelm, Mrs. Pierson, and yourself—a feast at which nothing is offered that can intoxicate the brain or vitiate the taste.

Unlike you, we seldom knit when we have such agreeable company, for we are so absorbed in the conversation of our distinguished guests, that all else is forgotten till we have heard them through. But then it is not so important for us, as we have no babies to mind or provide stockings for.

Please give our compliments to that "invalid" husband of yours, with our wish that he may speedily recover, provided he will still leave the editorial charge of the *Democrat* in your hands; but we protest against your laying aside the pen in the event of his restoration to health. and rather than it should be so, we hope he may keep *comfortably* sick.

☞ "L. A. J."—Your article arrived too late for this number. The Jan. numbers, of which you speak, were sent when due.

"Indignant" would better effect her object should she address her lines directly to the person for whom they are intended, through the P. O. They cannot appear in the Lily.

Those sending communications for the Lily will oblige us by sending them early in the month.

☞ "Remember the poor." O, Yes, we all remember them, and—"don't do anything else."

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

Written for the Model American Courier.

THE WARNING.

"*Look not upon the wine when it is red.*"

Boy, with fair unfurrowed cheek,
Thou, whose foot, ere long, must seek
Manhood's untried path to tread,
Shrink thou, from the bowl, with dread;
By thy hopes, so proud and pure,
Let it not thy spirit lure!
Safer were it, thou should'st brave
Midnight storm on ocean wave,
Than to yield thee but one hour,
Captive to the wine king's power.
O'er the water's wide domain
Sunshine comes, with morn, again,
But the Drunkard has no day,
Hope, for him, emits no ray!
Turn thou then, with hate and dread,
From the wine cup, bright and red!

From Cousin Ann's Stories.

PLL NEVER USE TOBACCO.

"I'll never use tobacco, no!
It is a nasty weed!
I'll never put it in my mouth;"
Said little Robert Reid.

"Why there was idle Jerry James,
As dirty as a pig,
Who smoked when only ten years old;
And thought it made him big.

"He'd puff along the open street,
As if he had no shame,
He'd sit beside the tavern door,
And there he'd do the same.

"He spent his time and money too,
And made his mother sad;
She feared a worthless man would come
From such a worthless lad.

"Oh no! I'll never smoke or chew,
'Tis very wrong indeed;
It hurts the health, it makes bad breath,"
Said little Robert Reid.

THE TREE THAT NEVER FADES.

"Mary," said George, "next summer, I will not have a garden. Our pretty tree is dying, and I won't love another tree as long as I live.—I will have a bird next summer, and that will stay all winter."

"George, don't you remember my beautiful canary bird, and it died in the middle of the summer, and we planted bright flowers in the ground where we buried it? My bird did not live so long as the tree."

"Well, I don't see as we can love anything.—Little brother died before the bird; and I loved him better than any bird, or tree, or flower. Oh! I wish we could have something to love that wouldn't die."

"George, let us go into the house. I don't want to look at our tree any longer."

The day passed. During the school hours, George and Mary had almost forgotten that their tree was dying; but at evening, as they drew their chairs to the table where their mother was sitting, and began to arrange the seeds they had been from day to day gathering, the remembrance of their tree came upon them.

"Mother," said Mary, "you may give these seeds to cousin John; I never want another garden."

"Yes," added George, pushing the papers in which he had carefully folded them towards his mother, "you may give them all away. If I could find some seeds of a tree that would never fade, I should love to have a garden. I wonder if there ever was such a garden, mother?"

"Yes, George, I have read of a garden where the trees never die."

"A *real* garden, mother?"

"Yes, my son. In the middle of the garden, I have been told, there runs a pure river of water, clear as crystal, and on each side of the river is the *tree of life*—a tree that never fades. That garden is *Heaven*. There you may love forever. There will be no death—no fading there. Let your treasure be the tree of life, and you will have something to which your young hearts can cling, without fear, without disappointment. Love the Saviour here, and he will prepare you to dwell in those green pastures, and beside those still waters." [Friend of Youth.

A WORD TO BOYS.

Be polite. Study the graces; not the graces of the dancing master, of bowing and scraping; nor the infidel etiquette of Chesterfield, but benevolence, the graces of the heart, whatever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report. The true secret of politeness is, to please, to make happy—flowing from goodness of heart—a fountain of love. As you leave the family circle for retirement, say, good night; when you arise, say good morning. Do you meet or pass a friend in the street bow gracefully with the usual salutation. Wear a hinge in your neck—keep it well oiled, and above all study Solomon and the Epistles of Paul.

Be civil. When the rich Quaker was asked the secret of his success in life, he answered, "Civility, friend, civility." Some people are uncivil, sour, sullen, morose, crabbed, crusty, haughty really clownish and impudent. Run for your life! "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit! there is more hope for a fool than for him."

Be kind to everybody. There is nothing like kindness, it sweetens everything. A single look of love, a smile, a grasp of the hand, has gained more friends than both wealth and learning—"Charity suffereth long and is kind."

Never strike back. That is, never render evil for evil. Some boys give eye for eye, tooth for tooth, blow for blow, kick for kick. Awful!—Little boys, hark! What says Solomon!—"Surely the churning of milk bringeth forth butter, and the wringing of the nose bringeth forth blood; so the forcing of wrath bringeth forth strife. Recompense no man evil for evil; but overcome evil with good. "Love your enimies, bless them that curse you."

In reply to a question, avoid the monosyllables yes and no, thus, "Is your father in good health?" instead of saying "Yes sir," say "very good, sir, thank you."

Avoid vulgar, common-place or slang phrases, such as "by jinks," "first-rate," "I'll bet," &c. Betting is not merely vulgar, but sinful, a species of gambling. Gentlemen never bet.

Think before you speak. Think twice, think what to speak, how to speak, when to speak, to whom to speak; and withal, hold up your head, and look the person to whom you are speaking full in the face, with modest dignity and assurance. Some lads have a foolish, sheepish bashfulness, sheer-off, hold down their heads and eyes, as if they were guilty of sheep-stealing! Never be ashamed to do right.

[N. Y. District School Journal.

EVIL COMPANY.

The following beautiful allegory was translated from the German:

Sopronious, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown-up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, "Dear father, you must think us very childish, if you imagine we should be exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child, take it."

Eulalia did so, and behold her beautiful white hand was soiled and blackened, and as it cl[ung] her white dress, also.

"We cannot be too careful in handling co[als]," said Eulalia, in vexation.

"Yes, truly," said the father; "you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken. So it is with the company of the vicious."

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.—As we were going home the other night, after our daily round of labor, we met a child, apparently about ten or twelve years of age, pleading with an inebriate father to come home. We stepped up and spoke a kind word to the little girl, but grief prevented her from making any answer, and as we walked away we could hear her say, "come home! come home! father, mother is sick!" What infinite misery must reign in that man's house! The words still ring in our ears with increased horror, and we ask how long will the fell destroyer be allowed to rule in our land!

[Oswego People's Journal.

NOT TOO YOUNG FOR TEMPERANCE.—Said a boy ten years old, a few days since, to his mother, "Mother, may I join the temperance society?" "My son," said the mother, "you are too young yet; you may join it when you are old enough. "But mother, some boys were skating on the river Christmas day, and they had some beer there, and some of them drank too much, and could not stand." "My son," said the mother, "you are not too young; you may go and join the temperance society to-morrow.

DISINTERESTED BENEVOLENCE.—A traveller in Asia Minor, at a period of distressing drought, found a vase of water under a little shed by the road-side, for the refreshment of the weary traveller. A man in the neighborhood was in the habit of bringing the water from a considerable distance, and filling the vase every morning, and then going to his work. He could have had no motive to do this, but a kind regard for the comfort of weary travellers, for he was never there to receive their thanks, much less their money.—This was an example of disinterested benevolence.

THE DOINGS OF RUM.—How often do we see the loftiest minds overthrown by the demon intemperance. William H. Attree, for a long time connected with the New York Herald, and a gentleman of fine abilities, died last week, in New York in a state of great destitution, produced by his abject slavery to strong drink. He was buried by the subscriptions of the editorial and reportorial profession.—[Germantown Telegraph.

THE LILY.

A Monthly Periodical, devoted to Temperance and Literature.

Published at Seneca Falls, N. Y., on the first day of each month.

TERMS.

One copy, one year,	0,50
6 " " "	2,00
13 " " "	4,00
18 " " "	5,00

All subscriptions MUST be paid IN ADVANCE.—Communications, and letters, containing money, or otherwise, should be addressed (post paid) to

AMELIA BLOOMER, Editor.
Seneca Falls, N. Y.

Temperance House,

AT SENECA FALLS.

THE undersigned has opened Woodworth's Hotel (formerly the Seneca House) as a Temperance House, for the accommodation of the public. The alterations and repairs which the premises have recently undergone conduce to render it an agreeable stopping-place for the wayfarer, and no efforts will be spared to give satisfaction to those who are reasonable in their desires.

A good hostler will always be in attendance.

ISAAC FULLE

Jan. 1, 1850.